

i think you think too much of me

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i think you think too much of me

by Anonymous

Summary

“Should I record this and post it on Twitter?” Dream jokes.

“What?” George scoffs incredulously. “No, idiot.”

With a small exhale, he focuses his gaze on the screen and blinks at the first question. It glares back at him.

Do you ever catch yourself staring at your BFF?

Or, five late nights that Dream and George spend together, and one late morning.

Notes

title taken from [EDEN](#).

a late but very high effort birthday gift for a very close friend of mine.

love you emi <3

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

i.

It's late, and they've spent all evening recording a five versus one manhunt for Dream's monthly upload on his channel. George is sitting back in his chair with a mug of hot chocolate in his hands, cupping it while his knees are pulled up comfortably to his chest. Sam and Bad had left a while ago, tired out from the nearly four hour recording. Antfrost followed shortly after, saying something about needing to spend time with Velvet.

The call is quiet, filled with nothing but the faint crunching of Sapnap as he eats his chips and the occasional brief clicking of Dream's keyboard as he types.

"George," Dream says abruptly, breaking the silence that had fallen between the trio. He sounds oddly energetic for someone who had just won what might've been the most difficult manhunt in his life.

It must be the adrenaline, George supposes; he sits up a little in his chair to answer. "Yeah?"

"Play chess with me."

He blinks. "Huh?"

Dream sighs, a bit dramatically, and the squeak of his chair as he shifts crackles through George's headset. "Play," he repeats, slower this time. "Chess. With me."

George takes a sip of his hot chocolate, the liquid sweet on his tongue. "Uh, no."

"What?" Dream huffs, voice edging into a whine. It makes him scoff against his cup, before pulling it away from his face and setting it down on his table gently. "Why?"

"Because I just... don't feel like it."

"Play Geoguessr, then."

“Mm,” he pretends to ponder for a moment. And maybe he’s a bit mean for the way he laughs when the sound of Dream’s head hitting the table resonates through his headphones; even so, Dream doesn’t seem to *really* mind. He’d say so if he did. “No.”

“George,” Dream complains, leaning closer to the mic. “Play something with me.”

“I’m gonna go shower.” Sapnap interrupts, and drops out of the call without another word.

George stares at his computer screen, at the monitor that has discord open and shows one less icon in the call.

“He left,” he says blankly. *That was fast.*

“It’s Sapnap.” Dream deadpans. It’s funny that those two simple words are enough to disperse the disbelief at their friend’s abrupt departure, because *yeah*, this kind of stuff isn’t new. Sapnap hardly ever stays for goodbyes, especially when it’s George and Dream in the call. It’s not like any of them really mind either. “Anyway—George, play with me.”

“I’m kind of tired, Dream.”

“It’s literally like,” the sound of Dream’s keyboard clicking fills George’s ears. “It’s literally like, only nine pm for you.”

“So?”

“So, you shouldn’t be *tired*. Just play something with me,” he begs, drawing out the syllables and pitching his voice higher. *Like a puppy*, George thinks in amusement, and much to his exasperation he can already feel himself bending to Dream’s will. Maybe he isn’t the only one in the call with pretty privilege.

“Fine.” He sighs, scooting up to his desk and dropping his legs down. “We can play Bedwars or something.”

Dream gives a little cheer on the other side of the line. It’s cute. He finds himself smiling.

“Are you on Hypixel already?” Dream asks, the excitement bleeding from his words.

“I’m opening Minecraft.” George says, even though he doesn’t really feel like playing Minecraft anymore. They’d just played the game for almost four hours, so in all honesty he’s kind of sick of seeing it on his monitor. But he’s already promised Dream, and Minecraft is already loading, and—oh, it’s too late now. He’s in the starting screen. Oh well.

Dream sends him an invite the instant he loads into Hypixel. He accepts quickly, watching as Dream warps them into the familiar Bedwars lobby. They don’t bother to disguise themselves, even as avatars swarm them in the lobby and people spam the chat with calls of their name. It means that they’ll likely be targeted, but they’re not playing to win, so it doesn’t matter much to either of them.

It’s more muscle memory than anything. George plays like he’s on autopilot, movements from long days spent playing these maps over and over again drilled into his fingers. Half the reason he even agreed was because he knows Dream partially just wants something to do with his hands, and Hypixel games are something that doesn’t require much thought for either of them.

Neither of them are trying very hard, which is evident from the way that Dream slips and falls into the void with a quiet *oh shit* that makes George snicker, and laugh harder when Dream snaps playfully at him. “You’re an asshole.”

“You’re just bad,” he retorts, and finds that between lighthearted banter and comfortable silence, both of them are equally nice. They’ve both been busy lately—Dream especially, with all his merch meetings and song making and video recording—so the fact that he chooses to stay rather than rest after a long recording says more than words ever could.

“I’m better than you.” Dream says petulantly, and in the corner of his screen, George sees a kill message pop up.

creativetea_ was given the cold shoulder by Dream.

“Wow,” he drawls, sarcasm dripping off his tongue as he collects the ores from the generator and purchases more wool. “Congrats. You got *one* kill. You’re *so* much better.”

“And how many kills have you gotten?” Dream huffs. Through the corner of his eye, George sees

another message pop up as the roar of a dragon rattles through his ears. “None. Exactly.”

Blue Bed was destroyed by Dream !

“I’m not trying very hard,” he says dismissively, mindlessly collecting diamonds to acquire Protection I. “I’m only playing because I want to spend time with you.”

It’s endearing how Dream sputters, his character stalling for a moment as he coughs to collect himself. George snickers because the playful flirting between them is nothing new, but still he manages to fluster Dream every time. He can almost imagine the blush on his cheeks, wondering if his ears would be red or if the flush would spread down to his neck. It would be cute. *God*, it would be adorable.

Dream was knocked into the void by shiyun.

“What the hell?” Dream complains, banging his desk lightly in frustration. “You made me die, George.”

“Maybe you shouldn’t have been so flustered then,” George quips unapologetically. He hears Dream sigh, hears him drag his hands over his face in exasperation before finally settling them back on his keyboard to resume playing. “You’re so *easy*, Dream.”

And if he were anything but tired, George may think it a little strange how easily the teases and compliments roll off his tongue when they’re for Dream. He may think it a little strange how absolutely endearing he finds all of Dream’s mannerisms are. He may think a little strange—just a little—how flirting with Dream on stream feels more for himself and less for the fans. And maybe it’s odd how happily Dream takes it, always bantering back with that cheeky smile and his own flirtatious words.

Luckily for the both of them, it’s late at night and George does not have half the mind to think any of these things.

“I’m not.” Dream grumbles, keyboard clicking. “You just caught me off guard.”

“I seem to catch you off guard an awful lot,” George teases. He’s hardly even focusing on the game anymore, gaze flickering over to his other monitor where he watches Dream’s icon briefly flicker

with a ring of green.

“You’re an idiot,” Dream huffs. “Watch, I’m gonna kill this entire team.”

*kivy_ was knocked into the void by **Dream** . FINAL KILL!*

[SHOUT] [BLUE] [MVP+] **shiyun**: i like sapnap better anyway

*shiyun was knocked into the void by **Dream** . FINAL KILL!*

Blue Team has been eliminated!

“Did you see what they said in chat?”

Dream hums curiously, and George knows he’s seen it by the way he scoffs and says, “What the hell?”

George giggles, listening to the sound of Dream’s keyboard clicking as he types a response. Sure enough, a moment later, another message pops up in the chat.

[SHOUT] [GREEN] [YOUTUBE] **Dream**: no wonder ur bad

“That’s mean.” George laughs, leaning back in his chair a little.

“They deserve it.” Dream says childishly, pout audible. “They were mean first.”

“To be fair, you did destroy their bed and kill both of them.”

“It’s literally the game,” He snorts, and George does not respond. He’s turned his attention towards the player trying to knock him off the bridge.

“I’m surprised you’re not tired.” He comments absently.

Dream makes a noise in the back of his throat, “Why?”

“You’re always tired after recordings.” George explains, and frowns as he watches his character tumble off a platform and into the dark below. ***GeorgeNotFound*** was *knocked into the void by jaxsear*. He dismisses it with a small sigh and listens to the sound of Dream’s keyboard as he waits to respawn. “You sleep a lot, too. I expected you to leave.”

“I thought about it,” Dream admits after a moment of concentration. “But it’s—I dunno. I’d feel bad, I guess.”

“Feel bad?”

“For leaving you alone,” he clarifies, words going quiet. It makes George’s heart stutter, makes him inhale a shaky breath.

“Why would you feel bad about that?” George asks, low. There’s something unspoken in the air now, something that says *this is more than friendship*. They’ve been dancing between friendship and something more for as long as he can remember; moments like these are nothing new.

Dream inhales, grumbles something incoherent in that soft, honey sweet voice of his that makes George smile. After a moment of silence, he speaks again. “I’ve been busy and we haven’t had a chance to really talk outside of recordings. I…” he pauses hesitantly, seeming shy. “I missed you.”

“Did you really?” He breathes, an air of challenge to his words. His heart is racing.

Dream does not back down, even as his mic picks up his trembling exhale and carries it to George’s waiting ears. “Yes.”

And for a while, neither of them say anything. George blinks owlishly at Dream’s icon with a pounding heart and red cheeks, watching how the ring of green flickers briefly around his icon. *What the hell are we doing?*

“Oh, fuck.” Dream mumbles suddenly. “We died.”

George blinks, tearing his gaze from his second monitor to stare at his main screen. It says they’ve been eliminated.

“Huh,” he says, glancing down at the chat. *GeorgeNotFound was killed by waveswanders.*

“You wanna go again?” Dream asks, and it’s like those brief moments of tenderness between them had never happened. It’s funny, if he ignores how it makes his heart squeeze painfully.

“Yeah,” he answers. “I don’t mind playing a few more rounds.”

“You sure?”

George huffs softly, tapping his keyboard impatiently. “Yeah, Dream.”

“Yeah, George.” Dream mocks lightly, making him roll his eyes. “I’m loading us in. Let’s win, alright? For me?”

You say that like you have no idea how it makes me feel, George thinks miserably, his stomach curling. But he sighs and nods, though he knows Dream can’t see it.

“For you,” he echoes, and the way Dream laughs is entirely worth the exhaustion weighing on his bones.

ii.

“Have you ever considered taking the best friend quiz?”

George sputters, turning his gaze back to the discord call pulled up on his screen. “What?” He asks; he realizes exactly what Dream is talking about a split second later.

“The quiz.” Dream repeats, sounding a bit exasperated. “You know, the one that I took in the Merch discord.”

“You mean the one that said you’re a little in love with me?” George pushes away his embarrassment to giggle, leaning back in his chair. It’s another one of those days where they’ve spent it all on call together, basking in the company of each other.

“I—Okay.” Dream stammers, flustered. “Listen—well, yeah, but—okay. Shut up.”

George laughs. “Okay, okay. What about it?”

Dream huffs in lighthearted annoyance. “You should take it.”

“On stream?” He asks, raising an eyebrow at his monitor and laughing a little. “I think I’ll pass, actually.”

"Not on stream, idiot. I meant like—I dunno, just for fun."

“Uh,” he wrinkles his nose thoughtfully. “Mm. I don't know if I want to.”

“Why?” Dream challenges. “Scared you're gonna be exposed for being in love with me?”

“I'm not the one who basically outed myself to 24 million people.” George snorts. Dream sputters because it hits the mark a little too accurately, and for the few brief moments that Dream falls silent, he fears that he's gone too far. *Love* is a word that they dance around. Talks about feelings are avoided. They steer well clear of labels. *What are we? I don't know.*

“You're an idiot,” Dream mumbles eventually, though he doesn't deny it. “I just think it'd be fun.”

“Fun.” George repeats, unsure of how to respond. Instead, he catches himself reaching forward to

type on his keyboard.

“You uh,” Dream sounds embarrassed now. “You don't actually have to—it was just a suggestion. How long have we been on this call?”

George blinks, glances down at the time and does the math in his head. “Um... like, nine or ten hours.”

“What time is it for you?”

He laughs a little sheepishly. “One am.”

He can practically feel Dream's motherly frown on the other end. “You're not tired?”

“No.” George shrugs, tapping a few keys. Dream hums questioningly when the sound of a screen being shared echoes through both of their headphones.

“What is this?” Dream mumbles, joining the stream shortly after. “Oh, you're actually doing it?”

“Might as well,” He answers. “Got nothing else to do.”

“Okay.” A light laugh on the other end. “Okay, then.”

“Shut up.” He presses the link and blinks owlishly at the page that greets him. “One out of twenty nine? Oh my god. Ugh, fine.”

“Should I record this and post it on Twitter?” Dream jokes.

“What?” George scoffs incredulously. “No, idiot.”

With a small exhale, he focuses his gaze on the screen and blinks at the first question. It glares

back at him. *Do you ever catch yourself staring at your BFF?*

“I don't even know what you look like.” He says blankly, and clicks *no*.

The next one is one he reads aloud. “Are they the first person you call when something happens?”

“Ooh,” Dream chimes in, grinning audibly. “Am I, George?”

“I mean,” he sputters. “I mean I *guess*, like we talk everyday and you know, when things happen it's usually in regards to streaming. So—yeah. I guess you are.”

With a breath, he chooses *always*. Dream giggles in the background.

Ignoring him, George reads out the next question. “Do you try to make them happy? Well, obviously. You know, cracking jokes. These answers are so weird.”

“Aren't they?”

He puffs out an annoyed breath, selecting the middle option after a second of contemplation. *It's nice if I can*. It seems like the best choice, seeing as he never really needs to try very hard to make Dream laugh or smile. George speeds through the next few questions.

Do you get jealous if they have a BF or GF?

“Well—I mean, kind of.” He admits grudgingly. “I'm used to talking to you.”

“Jealous GNF is real?” Dream gasps dramatically. “Twitter will love this one.”

“I hate you,” George snaps, flustered.

Do you try and look nice when you know you're going to be together?

He's never gone out with Dream. *Don't really care what I look like.*

Do you get butterflies if you touch?

Again, they've never touched. George frowns, dismissing the light sting that comes with the reminder that he's trapped in the UK while Dream is all the way across the ocean. "Did they just not account for the existence of internet friends?"

"I guess not." Dream hums. He chooses *I don't think so.*

Do you ever think about your future together?

"My future is your future." He quotes Dream's words from the Merch Discord, and smiles a little, moves his cursor towards the answer that reads *all the time* with no hesitation.

"Don't be cute like that." Dream grumbles. George giggles, high-pitched and blushy.

Do you have dreams about them?

Sometimes, he admits grudgingly. It's only normal considering how often they're together in call.

How do you feel when you hug this person?

A sigh. "There's no good option here." *Like I'm hugging a friend.*

Do you go out of your way to help this person?

More than anyone else I know.

Dream laughs, knowing. He huffs and says nothing, moving on to the next question.

What do you think when they laugh?

It's great.

“Wow,” Dream drawls teasingly. “You flatter me, George.”

“I’m pretty sure if I didn’t like your laugh, we wouldn’t be friends.” He points out flatly.

Do you think of what it would be like to kiss your best friend?

“Oh?” Dream’s chair squeaks when he sits up, voice lilted with interest.

“Don’t make it weird.” George reddens. His cursor drifts towards the first answer, hovering over it. “You send me DNF fanart every day. It’s your fault.”

“You’re telling me that it’s my fault you think about us kissing? Seriously?” Dream wheezes.

“Shut up.” He snaps. “Whatever, lets just finish this stupid quiz.” An exaggerated huff passes through his lips. Dream cackles like he’d just won the Olympics.

George skims through a majority of the other questions, not wanting to explain himself or have to listen to Dream’s teasing. His cheeks feel like they’re permanently red. A part of him regrets even doing the dumb thing in the first place; sitting in silence and boredom would’ve been far more preferable than having to sit and admit to having some semblance of non-platonic feelings for his best friend.

Of course, both of them already knew that. It’s just far worse to have to sit there and verbally acknowledge it.

“You are a little in love with your best friend,” Dream reads aloud, and the squeal of his chair when he leans back to wheeze is loud in George’s ears. “Oh my god, I thought—no way. Holy

shit.”

George stares at his computer screen. “I don’t want to talk about it.”

Abruptly, he closes out of the tab to prevent Dream from getting any screenshots. He knows if any screenshots are taken, Dream will take the opportunity to tease their fans with it; the results of his quiz are not something he particularly wants getting out to the public.

“I can’t believe you’re a little in love with me,” Dream teases.

“Shut up.” George snaps, then adds on. “I hate you.”

“You don’t mean that.” The grin in Dream’s voice is audible and aggravating.

“I do.” He doesn’t.

“I love you too, George.” Dream pauses. “Only a little, though.”

“...I’m going to bed.”

“Wait—Wait George no I was joking, don’t leave me here! I’ll be so lonely without you!”

“Goodnight, Dream.”

“George!”

George wakes to a door creaking open and soft footsteps approaching.

A familiar voice follows after, soft and tentative. “George?”

It’s odd to hear him like this, he thinks groggily, and makes a sleepy noise to show that he’s awake while curling deeper into the blankets that encase him. They’re not his blankets, but they’re warm and soft and lovely; that’s good enough for him.

Dream steps closer, his words fond, and the mattress dips when he settles on the side of the bed. “How are you feeling? Better?” A hand rubs into George’s shoulder, so he turns over and opens his eyes. It takes a bit before the world focuses, and then he’s staring into Dream’s green eyes and dragging his gaze over his face.

He squints, the unfamiliar sight confusing him for a second. The idea of being able to see Dream—even hours after his flight landed and he’d stumbled home with heavy limbs and heavier bags—is still foreign.

Dream smiles slightly, and repeats the question again, quiet so as to not hurt George’s sensitive post-sleep ears. “Are you hungry?”

With a groggy hum, George musters up enough energy to sit up in the bed. This way, he gets a look at Dream’s room—something he hadn’t bothered to explore earlier. It’s nice, and he finds nothing surprising about the way it’s decorated. All of it screams *Dream* in big bold letters.

“Kind of,” he rasps, momentarily surprised by the sleepy roughness to his voice. Dream laughs as he coughs to clear it, and he tries again, his voice is slightly smoother this time. “What time is it?”

“Ten PM.” Dream answers cheerfully. “You knocked out for like, twelve hours. Sleep well?”

“Uh,” George blinks. “Oh my god, I slept for that long?”

Dream laughs again. “Yeah, well, to be fair you were super jet lagged. You just kind of flopped onto my bed and fell asleep.”

“My sleep schedule is going to be so ass.” He groans, pressing his face into his hands. Dream rubs his back sympathetically.

“You’re fine,” Dream soothes with a small chuckle, and his hand is *warm*. George thinks it’ll take a while before he gets used to the idea of Dream touching him. Or the idea of being in Florida at all. “Did you want something to eat? Sapnap bought sandwiches earlier. We didn’t know exactly what you wanted, so...”

“Yeah.” He tilts his head back to stare at the ceiling, noticing that Dream has a little origami swan hanging in the corner. *Cute*, he smiles softly, and turns sheepish once he drags his gaze back to the man at his side. “Sandwiches sound nice. Can I get some water too?”

Dream grins. George thinks that it’s far better to see his smile in real life rather than hear it over a call. “Of course. I’ll be right back, okay?”

“Okay,” George echoes, and watches Dream slip out the door. He glances down at himself, smoothing his hands over the soft blankets that he had buried himself in, and notes absently that they smell a lot like Dream.

It’s... nice.

Dream does not take long to return. George watches the door drift open and a head of sandy blond hair pokes in shortly after, scanning the room before landing on him, almost as if he was making sure that George hadn’t moved from his spot.

“That was fast,” George comments absently, taking the wrapped sandwich that Dream hands to him as well as the glass of water he was holding.

Dream shrugs. “Sapnap just left all the food on the table, so. Just went down to grab it.”

“Is Sapnap asleep?” He asks, frowning as he takes a sip from the glass. The refreshing water is welcome as it slips down his throat; he sighs in relief and sets it down on the nightstand beside him as Dream settles back down on the bed.

“Probably.” Dream answers, quirking an eyebrow as George rolls the wrapped burger in his hands. “He’s been streaming a lot lately, and going places, so his sleep schedule is...”

“Better than yours?”

Dream dons a sheepish grin. “Better than mine.”

“Well, you do tend to stay up with me.” George points out, hands moving to unwrap the sandwich he’d been handed. “Are you sure we shouldn’t wake him up?”

Dream wrinkles his nose endearingly, looking as if he’s debating it, then shakes his head. “No. You guys can always talk in the morning.” After a pause, he adds on, “Plus, now I can have you all to myself. At least for a few hours.”

George laughs, cheeks reddening. “You’re an idiot.”

“You’re an idiot.” Dream retorts, crossing his legs on the bed. With a lighthearted scoff, George shakes his head and takes a bite out of his sandwich.

Eating does not take that long. Dream pulls out his phone and begins to scroll through TikTok, making absentminded conversation. George hadn’t really realized just how much he was starving until he’d taken the first bite, and from then it didn’t take long for him to devour the food.

“Slow down,” Dream laughs, glancing up from his phone briefly. “It’s not going anywhere.”

“The only place it’s going is my stomach,” George says through a mouthful of sandwich. The man beside him makes a face of disgust and looks away.

“You’re disgusting.”

“Cry me a river.”

“I’m kicking you out of my bed.”

“You’re too nice for that.” He laughs, rolling the paper wrapping into a ball. Dream points to a waste bin located next to his setup, and he tosses it across the room, making a face of victory when it tumbles in flawlessly. “Did you see that? I’m cracked.”

“Sure,” Dream agrees playfully. “Actually—that reminds me that me ‘n Sap haven’t set up a bed for you.”

George pauses, taking a sip of his water before setting it back down. “You don’t have a pullout couch?”

“I mean,” Dream tilts his head, sheepish. “Yeah but like—I kind of don’t want to set it up right now. We thought we’d just set it up after you woke up but…” he gestures vaguely at the window that peers into the dark streets. “The jet lag really got to you, apparently.”

George blinks. “Oh.”

“Yeah, oh,” Dream blows out a breath, pushing a hand into his hair. *It’s so weird to be able to watch him actually move*, he thinks. It feels wrong, in a way. “It’s fine. I don’t mind if you sleep in my bed. I can just take the couch.”

He frowns. “But then I’ll feel bad for kicking you out of your own bed.”

“I’m not sleeping on the floor, George.”

“Obviously not.” George huffs. “Why don’t you just sleep with me?” Dream’s eyes go comically wide. The realization of what he said sets in shortly after. He sputters, holding up his hands defensively and leaning back. “Not like that, dumbass! Just—in the same bed. I mean it was your bed in the first place, and I know you’re not gonna let me sleep on the couch, plus I don’t want *you* to sleep on the couch. So, we can just… share the bed.”

Dream blinks owlishly at him, mouth slightly parted from shock.

George interprets his silence as apprehension, and stumbles to clarify. “Well—uh, you don’t have to. It was just a suggestion. I don’t mind sharing but if you really don’t want to then it’s fine. I don’t…” he exhales, then inhales again and grips the blankets tightly, embarrassment flushing his cheeks. “I don’t want to make you uncomfortable.”

“No,” Dream stammers, snapping back into himself. “No, no, wait. I just—okay, you caught me off guard. Um—I don’t,” he pushes a hand into his hair, exhaling like he doesn’t know quite what to say. “I don’t mind. If that’s... what you’re okay with. I just—I don’t know. We can set up the pull-out tomorrow. You’re sure you’re fine with it?”

“If I wasn’t, I wouldn’t have offered.” George points out, though he’s relieved that Dream didn’t take it the wrong way. If there even is a *wrong way* between them. Briefly, he wonders just what coming to Florida will entail. *It’s only a matter of time until we have a ‘what are we?’ talk.* He stifles a wince.

“Okay.” Dream mumbles. “Okay, that’s fine then.”

“Okay.” He returns, an awkward smile pulling at his lips.

“Okay.”

And then, silence.

“...Sapnap would hate us right now.”

That makes Dream bark out a laugh, tilting his head back and hitting his thighs lightly. “You’re right, actually. He would absolutely despise us.”

“He’s always complaining about third wheeling.”

“To be fair,” Dream makes a face. “We *do* kind of make him a third wheel.”

George rolls his eyes. “Don’t let Twitter hear you say that. They’ll go wild.”

“Oh!” Dream lights up, straightening a little. “That reminds me. We should totally post a picture of us on Twitter.”

He laughs. "You mean like a selfie?"

"It doesn't have to be." Dream lifts up his phone. "I mean—we told them you were coming today, and they're probably gonna want proof, you know? We can just post a picture of our hands or something. Since I haven't..." he motions at himself.

"Face revealed?" George finishes for him, smiling slightly at the way Dream nods. "Okay, sure. Why not? Give me your hand."

"Okay," Dream echoes, holding out his hand compliantly. "Did you want to be the one to tweet it? Or...?"

"Yeah." George hums, pulling out his phone. He takes Dream's outstretched hand, placing his palm against it with little resistance.

"Just hands?"

"Just hands. Yours are so much bigger than mine."

"Well, I am like, a foot taller than you."

"Shut up."

Dream laughs, letting George guide their hands down enough so that Dream's face is out of view of the camera. Their fingers aren't intertwined, just pressed gently together. He wonders, briefly, what it would be like to hold Dream's hand. The thought is promptly dismissed.

"Did you take it?" Dream asks, watching George pull his hand away to tap rapidly on his phone. His response is only a nod, and George continues typing.

Moments later, Dream's own phone buzzes with an alert.

George laughs. "Do you have my tweet notifications on?"

Dream flushes an endearing shade of red red. “Obviously. Just so I know when you're active.”

"That's cute."

“Whatever.”

George watches as Dream's fingers tap on his phone screen rapidly, likely opening George's tweet. He pauses for a moment, looking thoughtful, before going back to typing. Moments later, George's phone buzzes.

Dream raises an eyebrow. “Do you have *my* tweet notifications on?”

“Shut up.” He snorts instead of giving a proper answer, looking at the reply Dream had tweeted. There's already almost twenty five thousand likes on it, and tons of replies underneath screaming about the meet up.

George @GeorgeNootFound • 6m

:]

[Image Attachment]

dream @dreamwastaken • 1m

replying to **@GeorgeNootFound**

you're much shorter than I thought

With a small laugh, George peers up at Dream through his eyelashes and catches his smile. Wordlessly, he begins to type a reply.

George @GeorgeNootFound • Now

replying to **@dreamwastaken**

you're much stinkier than I thought

He knows that Dream has seen it when he frowns, looking down at himself and pulling his shirt up to sniff it. Dream looks up at him with concern. “I don't actually smell bad, right?”

“What?” George laughs. “No, it was a joke. You smell fine. Like—like caramel apples.”

“It's the body wash.”

“Your mum picked it out for you, didn't she?”

Dream opens his mouth to refute his comment, but his expression turns slightly thoughtful, then sulky, then he sags his shoulders with a defeated look. “She did.”

George clicks his tongue, a self satisfied smirk curling his lips. “Knew it.”

Dream crosses his arms childishly, scowling. “Why are you bullying me?”

“It's kind of funny.”

“What? That I'm a momma's boy?”

“Yeah.” He snickers, and leans away when Dream swats at him good-naturedly. “Next thing you're gonna tell me that you use two in one shampoo.”

Dream gapes. “I do *not* .”

He raises an eyebrow.

“I literally don't! Trust me. I'm not *that* hopeless. What the hell? You sound like every one of my Twitter stans.”

George shrugs. "They're funny."

"Only sometimes." Dream jokes. George snorts a laugh, leaning slightly before tipping forward again. The bed trembles from his movements.

"Oh," He says suddenly, eyes locking onto Dream's grinning face. "Wait. You do have freckles."

"What?" Dream blinks. He rears back a little as if self conscious, and reaches up to touch his cheeks. "Oh—yeah. There's not that many though."

"They're cute." George says simply, thoughtlessly reaching up to brush his fingers over one of Dream's cheeks. Dream goes rigid, dropping his hand back to his side and watching with shuddering breaths as George's hand traces over his freckles, then moves to cup his cheek. It's warm. Dream is warm. Warm, warm, warm.

"George," Dream sputters, cheeks red and his eyes darting nervously around the room like he's not sure where to look. "Wh—George—?"

"Shh," George hushes, tracing his thumb over the splatter of light freckles on Dream's face. "Just—let me have this, please?" After a pause and the startling realization that his actions had been pretty abrupt, he adds on, quieter, "If that's...okay."

Dream goes obediently silent, but his cheeks do not lose the red flush to them. With a soft sigh and featherlight touches, George drags his fingers over Dream's skin, tracing the curve of his jaw, taking in every little freckle on his face and committing it to memory.

So there they sit, in Dream's bed with crossed legs and blankets pooling around them. It's probably nearing eleven PM and George is cupping Dream's face in his hands, tracing his skin with gentle, cool fingers as if he can't really believe that he's here. And Dream lets him with an expression that drips with pure adoration, watching with a gaze warm enough to make George melt.

"I'm here," he whispers, breathless and entranced with how Dream's eyes swirl with life and love, how he can feel the smoothness of Dream's tan skin underneath his fingers, how he can feel his warm breaths fanning onto his face.

"You're here." Dream affirms, soft. He allows George to trace his features as he likes, lips curving

into a pretty smile.

“I think I’ll need a while to get used to this.” George murmurs, laughing softly. He knocks his forehead against Dream’s, feeling solid, warm skin underneath. *God*, he’s waited so long for this. *I’m here. I’m here. I’m here.* It feels almost unreal.

“Take as long as you need.” Dream says softly. “Welcome home, George.”

iv.

“You’re sure this is a good idea?” Dream asks, concern lacing his words as George plops himself down on Dream’s chair. It’s a standard gaming chair, different from the black office one he streamed in back in London.

London. The thought seems so far away now. Strangely enough, he feels no desire to go back. He wonders if Cat is doing okay. Knowing his parents, he’s probably being spoiled to death.

“Yeah,” he answers eventually, craning his neck up to watch Dream set up the Streamlabs and mess around with the settings. There’s a green screen already set up behind them, borrowed from Sapnap, who is currently sitting in his room waiting for George to join Discord. Dream had been adamant about not letting the viewers see his bedroom. (“They’re gonna make fun of my financial decisions.” “Why do you even have a cat-shaped lamp in the first place?” “It was cute!”)

“I don’t know how good the camera is,” Dream admits, adjusting the microphone height for him and tilting the bulky camera from where it is set up just above the middle monitor. “I got it just before you flew in, but haven’t really tested it. Should be decent.”

“It’ll be fine,” George says dismissively, glancing outside. It’s dark, and the clock hanging on one of the walls reads *11:32 PM*.

“Alright, hold on.” Dream mutters, leaning over George to grip the mouse and fiddle with the camera saturation. “That good?” He peers back at George questioningly.

“Dream,” he huffs, exasperated but smiling. “It's fine. Stop fussing. You're not even gonna be in frame, chill.”

“Well I want the quality to be good for you.” Dream says defensively. The door creaks open and both of their heads twist to see Patches creeping in with her tail in the air. “At least Patches is here.”

“Emotional support cat.” George jokes, laughing when Dream rolls his eyes and steps away.

“Okay, I think everything is good now. You logged into your Minecraft already, right?”

“Yeah.” He nods, pulling out his phone. “Hold on, let me just tweet out the stream link.”

For the few brief moments he has his Twitter profile open, he catches sight of the picture he'd taken a few days ago, the one of him and Dream's hands pressing together. It has well over 300k likes now. The sight makes his lips twitch in a half smile.

Moving past that, he sends out the stream tweet. Considering he had told people that he'd stream a few days before, he expects most people are going to show up.

“You ready?” George asks, glancing down to see that Dream has already settled down on the floor next to his chair with crossed legs and Patches in his lap.

“Ready.” Dream affirms. George once again checks to make sure that Dream is out of view of the camera before joining a VC in their streaming and recording discord. Sapnap pops in immediately after, greeting him with a loud 'Gogy!' that George swears he hears through the walls.

“Shut up Sapnap,” he laughs. “I'm starting the stream now.”

With a few taps of his mouse, he goes live. Dream doesn't have a starting screen, so George settles for simply focusing on his Minecraft character as Sapnap also hops around the server. The chat had already been pretty lively once he started lurking, and the stream tweet had only brought more people in. Messages like *hi* and *GEORGE!!!* and *OMG MEETUP STREAM* fly by.

George unmutes himself and clears his throat so that the stream can hear it. “Hello?” He tries, like

he's testing the waters. "Hello? Hello?"

The chat bursts with their own greetings. George laughs, punching the screen a few times. "Sapnap, say hello."

"Hello, chat!" Obediently, Sapnap chimes in, making his voice high pitched and excited. "Hi!"

Most people by now already know that he's in Florida. Just in case, he makes sure to explain it for those who might've not seen, and watches the chat fill with happy messages and excitement.

"I'm actually streaming from Dream's set up right now," George adds. "My PC is still being shipped. Dream," he pauses to reach down and poke him lightly in the head. "Say hi."

Dream turns to shoot him a glare, but grumbles and complies. "Hi, chat."

Immediately, it fills with calls of *DREAM* and *HIII*, which makes George retract his arm with a small, amused smile. "He's hanging out on the floor."

"I like the floor." Dream retorts. "It's nice down here."

"What if I just—?" George grins evilly, reaching to the camera as if to tilt it downwards. "What if I just tilted the camera down right now and ruined your face reveal. What if I did that?"

DO ITTTT the chat screams, along with *YES* and a few occasional *NO DONT* s .

"Do it." Sapnap chimes in. "It would be funny."

"I will kill you." Dream threatens, but doesn't move from his spot even as George mimes grabbing the camera and bringing it down. He trusts him.

"But I just got here."

“I don’t care. Don’t *expose me*, George. What the hell is wrong with you? And to think I trusted you!” Dream snuffles, definitely playing it up a bit for the stream. Thankfully, such exaggeration is normal with their profession.

He doesn’t realize how much he’s missed streaming until he sets aside teasing Dream in favor of getting to the activities of today’s stream. It’s nothing special—just speedrunning an old challenge with Sapnap and talking about how Florida is. George finds it surprisingly easy to fall back into the streamer mindset, Dream’s presence by his side thankfully not making very much of a difference. It feels entirely too natural to sit here and stream with Dream sitting by his side. Again and again, George has to remind himself that all he has to do is look to the side and Dream will be there, beside him. No longer across the ocean.

The stream isn’t meant to be a long one. It’s over quickly, the Ender Dragon roaring as purple light spills from its body, eventually dispersing into many particles of XP. Below him, Dream claps, and somehow Patches has yet to leave his lap.

“Bye chat!” George exclaims energetically, waving to the camera. “Thank you for coming. Bye!”

It’s well past one am now. Dream is dozing on the floor, head tilted to lean against the edge of the chair. Patches has left and is fast asleep on the edge of Dream’s bed.

“Dream,” George hisses, tapping him on the head gently. “Say bye.”

“Bye chat.” Dream calls out lazily, not bothering to open his eyes. Sapnap chimes in with his own farewell, and then George gives one last smile to the camera before ending the stream.

Sapnap hums thoughtfully. “We still need to set up the pullout for you, George.”

For all the time that he’s been here, he and Dream have simply settled for sharing. He likes it that way too—likes being surrounded by soft blankets and the smell of caramel apple shampoo and having a warm body next to him.

“Not now, it’s almost two am.” George answers. It’s a flimsy excuse even to his ears, the same one he’s been using for the past few days.

“You’re right.” Sapnap sighs, chair creaking as he leans back. “Tomorrow, then.”

“Tomorrow,” he agrees. But both of them know that the couch will not be set up tomorrow. And George also knows that Sapnap will not bring up the topic again.

Dream shifts and, much to George’s surprise, he finds that his hand had never left his sandy colored hair. His fingers play idly with the strands, and he makes no effort to stop. Thankfully, Dream does not seem to mind.

“We should go to bed.” George muses thoughtfully, some voice in his head chiming in with a question of *we*?

Right. At some point in their lives, George and Dream had become a package deal.

“You should,” Sapnap agrees. And so they say their goodnights. George drops out of call, leans back to stare at the discord profile that’s not his. There’s a warm feeling in his chest that comes with the thought of Dream trusting him to the extent that he will allow him access to his PC.

With a quiet sigh, he stops playing with Dream’s hair and instead nudges his nails against his scalp. “Come on, sleepyhead.” His words are disgustingly fond.

Dream grunts, clearly halfway to sleep and lazy. It takes one more press of his slender fingers into Dream’s scalp to make the guy move, getting sluggishly to his feet as George moves to shut off his computer. As the computer’s whirring fan slows to a stop, they are bathed in silence.

“Come on,” George urges again, sliding the chair into the desk and laughing fondly at how Dream cracks an eye open to glare grumpily at him. And because George is not a complete asshole, he takes Dream by the arm and helps guide him over to the bed, watching him flop unceremoniously down once they reach it and giggling at the way Patches startles.

He flicks the lights off, making his way blindly back over, and settles onto his designated side of the mattress with a small huff, careful not to kick Patches as he swings his legs onto the bed. Sharing is easy. Dream gets the left side, George gets the right, and neither of them acknowledge how they always tend to wake up tangled together in one way or another. It’s an unspoken rule between them.

This time, however, when George slips his legs under the blankets and tugs them up his body, he feels Dream’s arm wrap around his chest and drag him closer. A warm face presses against the

crook of his neck; George sputters. “Um—Dream?”

“Shh,” Dream hushes, breaths fanning over his skin. “Tired.”

Heart hammering in his chest, George releases a shuddering breath and forces himself to relax. “Okay.” He mumbles, allowing Dream to nuzzle into his neck and settle.

“Goodnight Dream,” he tries, soft. Dream hums, groggy and already beginning to teeter over the edge of unconsciousness.

“Goodnight, George.”

V.

George wakes up to the sound of shuffling, and the distant sound of a movie playing in the background. He shuffles a little, feeling his feet knock against a stray pillow, and squeezes his eyes slightly. His neck aches, probably due to the fact that he was leaning against the arm rest.

There are faint footsteps retreating from the couch. George knows that it’s Dream by the way that they sound, and by the emptiness across from him where he’d been resting his feet on Dream’s lap.

Yawning, he opens his eyes and raises both hands above his arms to stretch, looking around the area. On the other end of the couch, Sapnap is knocked out with his face pressed into a pillow and soft breaths exiting his parted mouth. The room is lit by the dim glow of the television; when George turns to squint at it, he realizes that the credits have already begun to roll.

With a soft breath, he swings his legs over the side of the couch and stands, joints cracking as he stretches. Carefully, he steps around the coffee table and heads towards the kitchen, where Dream has presumably wandered off to. The light has been flicked on, casting dim light over the marble counters. Dream is sitting at the island, a tissue box at his side and a glass settled between both of his hands.

George places a hand on the doorway, not stepping in, and asks, soft. “Were you crying?”

Dream visibly startles, eyes shooting up to look at him. “Holy shit,” he breathes, straightening in his seat. “You scared me.”

“Obviously,” he rolls his eyes, stepping in further. The faded tear tracks on Dream’s face become more visible as he approaches. “What were you doing?”

“Uh,” Dream sputters, motioning vaguely towards the living room where the TV is still playing. “I was thirsty, so I was just...getting some water.”

George raises an eyebrow at the growing pile of tissues on the counter. “And crying?”

“The movie was sad.” Dream says defensively.

“It was Avengers Endgame.”

“And it was *sad*, idiot. Iron Man died. How am I not supposed to cry?”

“Okay,” George laughs quietly, settling down onto the seat opposite of Dream. “I guess you have a point. Are you okay?”

Dream snorts, rubbing at his eyes. “Of course I’m okay, it was just a movie. What time is it?”

“Almost three,” George answers easily after glancing at the microwave. “Sapnap’s asleep.”

Dream smiles at that, soft. “Yeah. Both of you knocked out halfway into the movie.”

“We’ve spent the whole night bingeing. You can’t blame us.”

“Avengers Endgame was arguably the best one of the night.”

“Obviously not enough for both of us to stay awake.”

Frowning, Dream takes a sip of his water before setting the cup back down. “Well, now you’re just slandering a perfectly good movie.”

“Twilight was better.”

“Oh c’mon, don’t even joke about that. Twilight was *horrible*.”

With a cheeky half smile, George stretches his arms across the island and makes a grabby motion with his hands. Dream rolls his eyes but passes the cup over because he’s too nice to deny him, and he lifts it to his lips to take a sip. Dream scoffs and glances behind him.

“Do you think we should wake Sapnap up?”

“Nah,” He says dismissively. “Let him sleep on the couch.”

“Oh.” Dream tilts his head curiously. “Were you gonna go to bed?”

He hums thoughtfully. “I dunno. We can go if you want. Unless you wanna sleep on the couch and get back aches.”

It’s only after the words leave his mouth that he realizes just how it sounds. Dream blinks owlishly at him, mouth slightly parted as if from shock and red beginning to flood his cheeks under the dim glow of the kitchen light above them.

“I didn’t mean it like that,” George stammers hurriedly, rushing to clarify. “I just—you know, since we’re sharing a bed and all. It’s not like...” He hesitates, voice dying out in his throat. A voice in the back of his mind sneers, mocking. *How did you mean it, George?*

Shut up, he hisses to it, squeezing the cup tight in his hands. The coolness seeps through the ceramic and into his palms, making him release a breath.

Funnily enough, the kitchen goes quiet. Dream averts his gaze and seems to find great interest in some bug on the wall, while George can’t bring himself to stare anywhere except the liquid in the

cup that wasn't even his to begin with. Faintly, he can still hear soft music from the TV behind him.

"...Do you really think about us like that?"

George snaps his gaze up, heart thudding. "What?"

Dream is looking at him, expression twisted into an emotion that he can't quite name. When George finally meets his gaze, he sighs, slumping down and leaning his head against his arms. Through long lashes, he stares up at George. "Us, George. Do you really think of us like...like *that*?"

"You're confusing me." He says honestly, even if he's starting to get an idea of what Dream is getting at. "What do you mean?"

Dream blows out a breath, straightening to push a hand into his sandy hair. "You know, like... a couple. Like—like..."

"Boyfriends?" He finishes, mouth going dry. Dream looks away and nods, face flushed red, and George tries not to think of it as endearing. "Um...well..."

Thinking back on it now, they really do act like a couple. Sharing beds and drinks and spending most of their time together...hell, George can't even remember a single thing he did without Dream ever since he came to Florida. And it's not like George doesn't *love* Dream. Quite the opposite, actually. Somedays, he thinks that the raw affection he holds for the guy just might end up suffocating him.

It's more like...he's scared to put a label on what they are (or have become) for fear of ruining what they already have. Sure, George loves Dream; and sure, he wouldn't scoff at the idea of officially dating him; but in the end, he's seen friendships grow into relationships and those relationships fall apart, and a small, terrified part of him whispers *what if that happens to us?*

And of course, because Dream can read him better than anyone else, he asks. "Are you scared?"

George releases a breath, twisting his fingers together uncertainly. "Well, I..." he cuts himself off with a frustrated breath, tugging at the sleeves of his hoodie. "I guess so. I mean, I like how we are now. And I wouldn't mind..." he makes a vague gesture in the air. "You know, putting a label on

things. I'm just worried that it will negatively affect our—" A wince. "—relationship."

Dream absorbs the weight of what he's said, tilting his head and staring into the distance with a thoughtful look in his green eyes.

"Well," Dream starts. "To be fair, both of us are kind of confrontational."

He laughs lightly. "That is true."

"And I don't think that giving a name to what we are is going to be that detrimental because in the end, nothing changes. It's just...slapping a name on something that was already there, right?"

"Right," George says, feeling more assured by his words. Dream does have a point.

"I wouldn't mind," Dream starts, motioning towards first himself, then George. "I wouldn't mind if we tried things out and found that we're better off as friends. I don't mind that, but I don't want to live my life without trying at least once, you know? Maybe we work as just best friends and maybe we can be more but..." he offers a small, hesitant smile. "I'll be happy as long as I have you in my life, George."

"I feel like you're just flattering me right now," George jokes, and both of them laugh at his words before the kitchen goes quiet again. It takes a moment before he tries to speak again. "I don't know. I think..." he takes a shaky breath, cheeks red hot and his skin prickling. "I think I'd like to try, maybe. I just don't want things to be ruined between us."

"They won't be." Dream says with certainty, and his confidence makes George smile. He's about to reply when he's overtaken by a yawn.

"Sorry," he says, blinking rapidly. The world before him blurs and unblurs. "It's late. I'm tired."

"Let's wake Sapnap up and go to bed then," Dream suggests. George agrees easily, and passes his cup back across the counter to watch Dream down the rest of the drink and set it in the sink to be washed later. The TV is still on when they walk back to the living room and Sapnap is still snoring on the couch, so they wake him with soft voices and persistent words. He grumbles about being woken up, but shuffles off to his room with his eyes half shut and a hand dragging along the wall for support.

Dream and George retreat into Dream's room (read: *their* room) where Patches is already sprawled out in the center of the bed. She scatters after Dream shoos her off, leaping onto his desk chair with a meow that sounds a bit petulant.

George laughs, flopping unceremoniously onto the soft mattress. "You hurt her feelings."

"She can handle it," Dream says dismissively. "It's my bed, anyway."

"That's mean."

"It's true."

He rolls over to the other side of the bed when Dream pokes persistently at his ribs, feigning annoyance all the while, and the mattress dips when Dream plops down next to him.

"We should eat sushi tomorrow," George muses thoughtfully, staring at the ceiling with his hands on his stomach. "Are there any good sushi places in Florida?"

"You could probably Google one," Dream says, cutting himself off with a yawn. It makes George yawn too.

"If I use Postmates to deliver it, will you pay?"

Dream scoffs. "Hell no. Pay for it yourself, idiot." He pauses, then adds on. "Why are we even talking about this right now? I'm tired. Go to sleep and shut up."

"Why are you so mean?"

"Whatever. Goodnight."

George giggles.

“Goodnight, idiot.”

(bonus)

This time, when George wakes up, it comes with the feeling of a face pressing into his neck, two legs tangled between his, and a pair of warm arms wrapped around his body.

It's not a slow, groggy awakening this time. This one comes full of energy—the trademark feeling of something one might call a restful sleep (how rare!)—and happiness rushing into his body. He yawns leisurely, wiggling a little in the arms of the person holding him, and does his best to stretch even though he's tangled up in the limbs of someone else.

Dream mumbles, pressing incoherent words into George's neck, and squeezes tighter. Briefly, he thinks that it's strange how well rested he feels considering it was nearing four in the morning when he slept. He twists his neck to squint at the clock on the wall and it all makes sense when it reads *11:24 AM*. Oh. That explains a lot.

That's roughly around eight hours asleep and it's good enough for George, so he tests his probability of being able to escape from the comforting, warm cage of arms trapping him by wriggling around a little.

Like the universe is smiting him, Dream only squeezes him closer.

He grumbles and scoffs to himself lightly, pushing his hair out of his eyes. While he doesn't necessarily want to wake Dream up, he doubts that he'll be able to escape without doing so.

So instead he figures that a few more minutes in bed won't hurt, and reaches towards the nightstand to grasp for his phone.

There's nothing of particular interest there. Just a couple of messages from friends, some Twitter notifications that he bothers to clear despite knowing they'll be replaced by one hundred more, and a text from his mum checking in on how he's doing in Florida.

He scrolls mindlessly through his feed, swiping messages away to answer later and liking a few fanarts that pop up on his timeline.

Apparently, all his shifting and wiggling around was enough to stir Dream from the deepest depths of slumber. He hears Dream shift, feels his hold tighten and loosen as he wakes, and tries his best not to squirm when long eyelashes flutter against his neck.

“Mm,” Dream mumbles, voice thick and raspy from sleep. “George?”

“Morning,” he greets, not tearing his gaze away from his phone. One of Dream’s arms retracts and his face pulls away from his neck, probably to rub at his eyes.

“What time is it?”

George huffs softly. “Nearing twelve.”

“That late already?”

George laughs at his comment, amused by the fact that despite his words, Dream makes no move to get out of bed. Both of them go silent, George still paying attention to his phone and Dream trying to pull himself out of his half-asleep daze.

“George?”

He hums in response, feeling Dream’s forehead press against the back of his neck. Warm breaths fan out against his skin, but no response comes.

George frowns, shifting a little. “Yeah?”

“Uh,” Dream stammers, suddenly sounding shy. Soft words press into the back of George’s neck. “Just—making sure. We’re...a thing now, right?”

A laugh bubbles up in his throat, and after a bit of shuffling around—Dream reluctantly loosens his grip so George can turn to face him—George brings his hands up to cup Dream’s freckled cheeks, lips pulled into a painfully affectionate smile, and knocks their foreheads together.

Dream huffs; George giggles. “Yes, idiot. We’re a thing, now.”

“Okay,” Dream mumbles, eyes half-lidded. “Okay. Good.”

They’re both interrupted by the sound of the door clicking open. Dream turns half around, craning his neck to see who has just entered, and George lifts his head to catch sight of Sapnap’s unimpressed stare.

“Oh, hi Sapnap,” Dream stammers, obviously caught off guard.

Surprisingly, he doesn’t comment on their positioning, or the red flush to both of their faces, and instead just gestures vaguely towards the kitchen. “We have a recording today, so can you get up and get something to eat? Dizzy is going to kick our asses if we’re late.”

“Okay,” Dream gets out, voice embarrassingly high pitched. He has to stifle a laugh and buries his head into Dream’s chest to keep it down. Sapnap shuts the door without another word. For a few long moments, neither of them say anything. And then Dream sighs, chin settling on top of George’s fluffy hair. “He knows, doesn’t he?”

“It’s Sapnap. Of course he knows.” George laughs. “Come on. Let’s go before he yells at us.”

With another long sigh, Dream draws away and moves to get up. Patches winds at his feet when he stands, meowing for her breakfast. George smiles and bends down to pick her up, pressing a kiss to the top of her head.

“Why don’t you kiss me like that?” Dream jokes, opening the door. Patches squirms, so George sets her down and watches her scatter out into the hallway, tail waving behind her.

“Bet?” He responds, words holding a challenging lilt. It’s amazing how easy it is to fall into this dynamic and say these things without another thought.

It’s even easier to approach Dream with an affectionate smile, to settle a hand on his shoulder and

use the other to gently tug at the strings of his hoodie. Obediently, with a snickering laugh that is definitely caused by their difference in height, Dream tilts his head down so that his nose brushes against George's cheek.

Quickly, George presses his lips to the corner of Dream's mouth. He draws away and releases him, hands falling back to his sides and mouth curving into a smile.

"There," he says finally. "Just like you wanted, right, boyfriend?"

Dream stares at him for a moment before seeming to gather his senses. With a slight cough, he straightens, eyes darting away like he doesn't know where to look.

"Right," Dream says. And for both of his sakes, George only giggles, steps into the hallway, and does not mention the red flush painting Dream's face.

Too easy.

End Notes

Comments & kudos are appreciated!

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!